

The

# Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.



# School Record

July, 1937.

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

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No. 57.

JULY, 1937.

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EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

D. HUNT, P. HOUGHTON, PARSONS, HUNT.

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## School Register.

### Valete.

Roberts, A. M. (Low. V.), 1933-37.      Jenkins, S. M. (iii), 1932-37.  
Salt, G. D. (Low. V.) 1934-37.

### Salvete.

Buggins, A. J. (iii).	Kirkham, D. I. (iii).
Hawkes, F. (Upp. IV.)	Pickering, G. D. (ii).
Henson, E. I. (Shell)	Sharp, J. D. (Rem.)

The number of Pupils in attendance this term has been 203.

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## Old Scholars' Guild *Actus*.

PRESIDENT—MR. C. T. L. CATON.

HON. SECRETARY—S. STYLER.

HON. TREASURER—C. H. BAYLIS.

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The Summer Reunion of the Guild will be held at School on Saturday, July 24th. Members will already have received their invitations, but, for the information of non-members who may be wishing to attend, we will recapitulate the programme proposed for the meeting.

On June 16th, at Studley, Stanley Howard Smith (scholar 1915-24) to Gwendolen Mary Averill (scholar 1925-29).

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On June 19th, at Hampton, Raymond Henry Hodgkinson (scholar 1919-26) to Linda Mary Warner.

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On June 19th, at Great Alne, Richard Haywood Raymond Jephcott (scholar 1912-21) to Edna Mary Edkins.

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On June 26th, at Cheddesdon, Alfred Leslie Brewer (scholar 1920-28) to Vera Baum.

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### ***Indenes dum sumus.***

Humanity, like All Gaul, is unequally divided into three, the Young, the Old, and the Middle Aged.

On closer examination it appears that there are really four generations normally in existence at once. There are the Very Old Folk. There are the Old Folk, vulgarly and affectionately so called. There are Ourselves; and there are the Children.

In practice these distinctions are apt to be somewhat blurred. In wisdom, and perhaps in wickedness, we, and the Children, like to feel that we find things in common with our seniors, while they, in return, affect a light hearted irresponsibility that is physiologically ours. Since a man is as old as he feels, such anomalies are bound to occur. Nevertheless in spite of them, between these various divisions of the human family there are great gulfs fixed.

The chief, and most notorious of these gulfs at the present day is that between the Second Generation and the Third, or more accurately perhaps, between the First Generation and the Third, the Second Generation having, by common consent, been wiped out or tired out by the Great War. A widespread and almost conventional theory of life portrays a lonely company of Die-hards, pillars of a tottering world-order, standing to their posts long after they should have passed on to retirement's leisured ease; and, over against them, Ourselves, a raw, untutored company of pioneers, rediscovering the world and exploring afresh every sphere of life within it. Between us and them there is the Great Gulf, Slough of Despond, Valley of Humiliation, or whatever it is into which the Second Generation is said to have disappeared.

If the weather is fine, there will be a tennis tournament, and also a cricket match with the School XI, beginning at 2.30 p.m. If the afternoon is wet, the programme will commence at 7.30 p.m. with dancing, games, etc. A varied programme for all has been arranged. Supper will be more formal than on previous occasions and will begin at 9 p.m. in the Hall. This will be followed by the business meeting, after which dancing will be continued until midnight.

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At this Reunion, the election of officers for the year 1937-38 will take place. Those retiring are the President, the Secretary, the Treasurer, three Committee members (R. Smith, F. Rook and W. Foster) and the Games Captains (M. Clark and D. Baylis). Proposals for the vacant places will be welcomed by the secretary at any time before the supper interval.

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The annual ladies' tennis match with the School took place on Wednesday, July 14th, the Old Scholars winning by 89 games to 64.

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We are pleased to learn that C. H. Baylis has been offered a post on the Organising Staff of Harrod's, London.

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Congratulations to Mary Colegate and Isobel A. Davis, who have passed the State Final of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales.

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Also to P. W. Warner on being awarded his hockey cap and colours at St. Paul's College, Cheltenham.

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### **Marriages.**

On May 22nd, at Hälsingborg, Sweden, Christopher Heming Bomford (scholar 1920-22) to Lille Heimer.

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In June, at Sydney, Australia, William Allen to Barbara Tipping (scholar 1912-17).

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On June 5th, at Great Alne, Robert Simpson to Helen Holyoake Spencer (scholar 1921-24).



THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

*F. J. Huxley.*

No doubt behind that theory of life there is some grain of truth. There must be, or it could never have caught the imagination as it has done. Humanity cannot afford to lose one member, let alone several millions of its best. But equally undoubtedly, out of that theory of life emerges one of the most serious misconceptions of modern times. It is one thing to realise that the world has lost a great deal, morally and materially, through the war; it is quite another thing to imagine that as a result of that loss a whole generation has ceased to count at all, and an Era has come to an end.

That is precisely what the general trend of life suggests. We, the Third Generation, are led to believe that we are the Vanguard of a New Era, overtaking the stragglers and held up by the Rearguard of the old. Some of us, perhaps the majority, are attracted by the idea. This age of mechanical and scientific achievement is one which gives even the pygmies of us a flattering sense of power. The moral slackness and irresponsibility of it themselves breed an illusion of freedom; and the two things together are overmuch for most of us to resist. Youth is said to be at the helm. Present and future are said to be in Youth's hands. Responsibilities there may also be, but in the morning of this bright adventure, Youth is not without its confidence.

All the same there must be some, perhaps many, who can still claim to be young, but none the less remember something of an older world. It does not need a haze of sentiment to make that older world appear in some ways larger and more liberal than the world now being made. This "brave new world" for all its fine achievement, has something smaller and meaner about it than the other. It is new, but it seems to have no promise of ever being really old. Even some of its idealism, its Seven Years Association and its Five Years Association, seems to be speaking of life in terms of penal servitude. The world needs a touch of Eternity. It seems to need perhaps more than anything else, to be delivered from its phantasy of isolation, and vitally linked again with the best traditions and principles of the past. The loss of them is half the dilemma of the modern world. The recovery of them is its one great hope. Moreover, in spite of appearances, they are there to be recovered. We are not at the beginning of anything, nor at the end.

A. J. P.



THE FAMILY

P. W. Warner

### **Notes and News.**

Three junior prefects have been appointed this term—Down, Gray and Lewis.

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The head boy is Hewlett, who is also cricket captain.

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Sides' captains are :—*Brownies* : D. Hunt, Shrimpton, Whitehouse ; *Jackals* : P. Horseman, Hewlett, Gray ; *Tomtits* : M. Rowles, Down, Orme.

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On Monday, March 15, the Upper Fifth with Mr. Caton and Miss Evans, paid a visit to Messrs. Cadbury's works at Bournville.

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A very enjoyable recital of poetry and prose was given in the hall by Mr. H. J. Coleridge Mackarness on Friday, March 19th.

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Members of the Sixth, with Mr. Caton and Miss Evans visited Warwick Castle on Tuesday, March 23rd.

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At the closing assembly on Thursday, March 25th, the various presentations were made. The football for improvement—the gift of the Bunting Brothers—was handed to Biddle i. Football colours were presented to Gray. The Scout Cup, won by the Panthers, was handed to Orme.

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On Wednesday, April 7th, a party of girls was taken by Miss Deans and Miss Evans on a visit to France.

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The Mile was run on Alcester Heath on Monday, March 22nd, and was won by Gray.

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A needlework film was shown to the senior girls on Friday, May 7th.

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The High Bailiff (Mr. F. E. Thomas) visited the School on Tuesday, May 11th, to present souvenirs of the Coronation of King George VI to Alcester children.

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School was closed from Wednesday, May 12th to Thursday May 18th, inclusive, the Coronation and Whitsuntide holidays being combined.



A party of the Upper Fifth, with Miss Deans and Mr. Druller, attended a performance of "As You Like It" at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre on Wednesday, May 26th.

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On Friday, May 28th, the Cross Country races were run, the senior event being won by Gray, and the junior by Robinson.

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Sports Day was Thursday, June 3rd. The presentations were made by Lady Throckmorton.

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The proceeds of the sale of Arts and Crafts entries on Sports day amounted to £5 7s. 10d.

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Half term was Friday, June 4th.

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The two shields—one for Sports, the other for Arts and Crafts—for the honour of holding which there has been such keen competition among the Sides since the early days of the School, have now been filled, and new shields will have to be provided to replace them. One of these Dr. and Mrs. Collier have most generously promised to present to the School.

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On Coronation Day, a section of the School Scout troop formed part of the procession through the town to the Church. The High Street was decorated with shields representing the dominions, these being painted by members of Miss Weatherup's art classes.

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On Tuesday, May 18th, D. Hunt represented the School at a meeting of Empire Youth in the Albert Hall. She also attended the service on the following day.

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On Saturday, May 22nd, Parsons visited London to attend the Scout Coronation service in Westminster Abbey.

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P. J. Bayne has been successful in obtaining a naval cadetship (executive).

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The Oxford examinations began on Monday, July 12th.

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A collection taken in aid of the Spanish Refugee Children's Relief Fund realised £3 2s. 1d.

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Term ends on Tuesday, July 27th.



THE TRAWLER.

*D. O. Hewlett*

### **Wattle of Tootle-on-the-Bunk.**

An entirely well-meant move on the part of the Mayor of Tootle, has, I regret to say, given rise to a slight difference of opinion between the inhabitants of Tootle living North of the Bunk, and those living to the South.

On Coronation Day any successful competitors in the sports were to have said whether they belonged to the Northites or Southites, and the points they scored were put down for their side. To the side with most marks a silver shield was to have been presented.

Unfortunately someone with a most misguided sense of humour had smeared the soles of the Northites competitors' shoes with soft soap, and the result has to be seen to be enjoyed to the utmost. Still more unfortunately, some Southite gentleman had filmed the whole scene, and this was shown in the Town Hall the following Saturday with the other Tootle Coronation scenes.

As, however, the North Bank of the Bunk is at least three feet higher than that on the south, by judicious work with sand bags a dam was constructed which kept the police station under nine inches of water for six hours, and honours were declared even.

The fire station stands to the South of the Bunk, and the Southites then planned a great coup, which included the soaking of every home and inhabitant of the North territory, with the new hose-pipe.

This plan was frustrated by the Colonel's valet—Colonel Slingsby-Gore, of Course, who had spied upon the secret conclave of the Southites. The water was then turned off at the mains, and, when the Fire Brigade arrived, and attached the hose to the hydrant outside the Colonel's house, they found to their amazement that their plan had been frustrated. They began to make an orderly retreat, but this was turned into a rout with the Colonel's garden hose and his own private water supply.

As though to prove the utter completeness of this smashing victory, the Northites then monopolised the milk, water and half the food supplies, and blocked the main road to Mud-in-the-Puddle with two of farmer Blenks' farm-carts.

One night, the Colonel, having obtained a bottle of mysterious liquid from the chemists, climbed on the Police station roof and dropped the bottle through an open skylight. When the police station was habitable two days later, amidst the ruins of the

bottle there was found a little white label bearing the words "Hydrogen Sulphuretted Puris. . ."

The next day I left Tootle for a long time. Until dinner time air-gun pellets had been taking a large toll of Northite windows, cats, and chickens, and I had been hit twice in the same place, which makes sitting down rather uncomfortable. So, as the church clock was striking two, I left, and as I rounded the first bend on the road to Mud-in-the-Puddle, I heard the unmistakable report of the Colonel's twelve-bore. . .

What did happen in the end is another story, and perhaps you will hear it some day.

T. NAGGLE POOP,  
(*War Correspondent*).

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### **Empire Rally and Service of Youth.**

It was my good fortune to be chosen to represent Alcester Grammar School at the Empire Rally and Service of Youth held in London after the Coronation, and so on the evening of May 18th, I found myself in a crowd of people, all my own age, trying to find the Orchestra entrance to the Albert Hall. When at last I arrived inside I saw more people together than I had ever seen before, all practising "Jerusalem" under the guidance of a very able conductor. From my seat high up on the left of the platform, I had a good view of most of the hall. In the centre were three hundred Canadians, and several Indians in bright and picturesque costumes. The galleries were filled with girls and boys in many different school uniforms, with several groups of Scouts and Guides and members of other organisations.

By seven-fifteen the hall was nearly full, and already we could see one or two distinguished-looking personages appearing at the desks in the front of the platform. Then suddenly the organist began "God save the King" and we saw the Duke of Gloucester, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, crossing the hall and going up on to the platform. The Duke said a few words welcoming us to London and brought the good wishes of the King and Queen. He was followed by several speakers, including Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., who explained the purpose of the meeting, and Sir Firozkhan Noon, High Commissioner for India, whose short and clear speech ably summarized the themes of both previous and subsequent speakers. After the departure of the Duke of Gloucester we heard the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Lyons, and then stood to sing Rudyard Kipling's "Children's Song."

Then came the moment for which everyone had been waiting. Eight thousand girls and boys saw a very tired-looking man rise to his feet, and cheered Mr. Baldwin for nearly five minutes. I cannot here say more than that his inspiring words were an encouragement to all of us to serve the Empire and the world—as he himself has done so well. He was cheered again as he sat down, and I only hope that he received some satisfaction from the appreciation of his audience. I felt that after this there could be little of interest to come, and so I was agreeably surprised when Mr. Alfred Noyes read his “Ode to Youth,” which was almost as moving as the Prime Minister’s speech, and formed a fitting conclusion to the meeting.

The next morning we sat for three hours in the rain to see the King and Queen leave Buckingham Palace for the Guildhall. Nobody seemed to mind the rain; there were plenty of interesting things to watch. We saw the Guards taking their places round the Victoria Memorial. Then a line of policemen, which seemed as if it would never end, marched out of the palace gates and formed a chain round the crowd which had collected beneath a sea of umbrellas. Up in one of the top windows of the palace were two maids looking down on the people below. When at last the Royal car drove out we had a good view of the King in scarlet uniform with the Queen beside him.

That same afternoon I joined three thousand English representatives in Westminster Hall to listen to the broadcast of the service which was being attended by Empire delegates in Westminster Abbey. My disappointment at not being in the Abbey itself was compensated by the fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury came to the hall after the Service and spoke to us for several minutes. Then we proceeded in batches of four hundred to the Abbey while the traffic of London was held up. And so my visit to London was concluded by the sight of that noble building clothed in its beautiful blue and gold Coronation decorations.

H. D. H.

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### **Olla Podrida.**

A lower Fifth girl, who really should know better at that stage, states that the part of the body least likely to float in water is the head, because it is solid.

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Another Lower Fifth girl hopes to solve a geometry problem by bisecting a line—but not all of it!

D. G. States : " If you bore a hole in the ground and water comes out, it is an artesian well." What if he strikes the water mains ?

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A. A. W. says that an occult science is a hidden science, such as domestic science. No doubt he has never penetrated the forbidden kitchen regions.

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The debate at the end of last term produced two very strange statements from M. W. B. He said : " We don't know much about the Bronze age because of history," and also that " William I united England under a whole monarch."

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A. B. informs us that " women could fire a rifle, even if they were not strong enough to load canons."

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When the Romans left Britain, remarks W. J. B., the roads fell into despair.

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### **Hidden Genius.**

The question of careers is being eagerly discussed at the present moment among the Upper School. The topic is apt to become rather boring at times to the audience but it is providing excellent debating practice. Some members of the forms concerned are already showing such an aptitude for their chosen career that it has been suggested that they should begin to practise at school.

I have, therefore, been informed that an Excuse Agency will shortly be opened. This information should interest the Lower and Middle School. All excuses will be guaranteed water-tight and no charge will be made unless the excuse is accepted without question (I fear that the agency will not be an economic proposition). Excuses will be supplied at a few minutes notice, but the head of the Agency would prefer intending clients to express their requirements the previous evening. All types of business will be handled, nothing will be refused. Please accept this, the only intimation, and remember the old firm.

In a few days time the school will be informed that a secretarial service is available to all. Punishments resulting from an unaccepted excuse will be executed at half-price. Impositions can be supplied over-night if really urgent, otherwise they will be completed in twenty-four hours. Alf

documents required to be copied will only be accepted if the standard of writing of the rough copy is twenty-five per cent better than that usually done in class. Special terms can be quoted for notices of secret-society meetings. Office hours are confined to 11-11.25 and 1.30-1.55.

A General Information Bureau is being run in connection with the above. Information on any subject will be provided by the best authorities in the school. You can find out how to listen to late wireless programmes when you have been sent to bed too early. The latest cricket scores will be available at 1.45 each day together with a criticism of each player's performance. The captain of the school eleven is being asked to perform this service for the Bureau. Please note that the answers to history questions will not ordinarily be supplied. This is due to the fact that the style and language of the history experts is unintelligible to the common herd. All enquiries should be left on the bell-table until we have found out what Gladstone really did say in '88.

Fashion experts are combining to advise the school upon the correct type of dress for all occasions. Particular attention will be paid to ties and a selection of those in the worst possible taste will be kept so that you may choose your favourite combination of colours. A chart will be on view that the correct angle of inclination of school hats may be observed.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that 'line' is being used as a training ground. The number of future Sergeant-majors and Sports Announcers in school at present is really amazing. Apparently the profession of official announcer to the B.B.C. is either overcrowded or not sufficiently inviting, for few are striving to acquire that quiet dignity of tone so familiar to our ears.

Of our crooners-to-be it is best to say as little as possible. Someone has spread the good news that each form is conspiring to end the torment in its own way. May success crown their efforts!

The task of enumerating all the future business magnates is impossible; if there are any I have omitted, or if anyone is displeased, may I remind them that the information establishment previously described has a very efficient legal service. For a smaller fee the secretarial service will provide a really biting letter. Both will be pleased with your custom.

PHYLLIS HOUGHTON.

**Juniors (12 to 14).**

100 Yards—1 Goode, 2 Robinson, 3 Collett i, 4 Webb. 220 Yards—1 Webb, 2 Robinson, 3 Collett i, 4 Goulbourne. Half Mile—1 Collett i, 2 Robinson, 3 Bridgewater and Goulbourne equal. Hurdles—1 Midlane ii, 2 Robinson, 3 Webb, 4 Booker. High Jump—1 Allen, 2 Robinson, 3 Collett i, 4 Heard. Obstacle Race—1 Booker, 2 Jordan, 3 Edwards, 4 Goulbourne. Slow Bicycle Race—1 Ison, 2 Allen, 3 Robinson, 4 Buggins. Consolation Race—1 Jordan, 2 Goulbourne, 3 Harrison, 4 Collins ii. Cross Country (3 miles)—1 Robinson, 2 Collett i, 3 Heard, 4 Webb. Long Jump—1 Robinson, 2 Houghton, 3 Biddle ii, 4 Webb. Throwing the Cricket Ball—1 Biddle ii, 2 Houghton, 3 Heard, 4 Allen.

**Juniors (under 12)**

100 Yards—1 Collett ii, 2 Richards, 3 Rippington, 4 Wilkes. Egg and Spoon Race—1 Collett ii, 2 Rippington, 3 Burns, 4 Sharp. Sack Race—1 Burns, 2 Sharp, 3 Collett ii, 4 Rippington. Obstacle Race—1 Collett ii, 2 Rippington, 3 Brand, 4 Sharp. Three-legged Race—1 Collett ii and Smith iii, 2 Wilkes and Sharp, 3 Brand and Sutor, 4 Rippington and Burns.

**Other Events.**

75 Yards (under 9)—1 Naylor, 2 Brenda Hill, 3 Nancy Dales, 4 Valerie Stephens. Tug-of-War—1 Jackals, 2 Tomtits, 3 Brownies. Relay Race—1 Tomtits, 2 Jackals, 3 Brownies.

The following presentations were made :—

VICTOR LUDORUM CUP—Gray (60 points).

SILVER MEDALS—Orme, Whitehouse, Robinson, Bullock, Webb, Collett i and Collett ii.

BRONZE MEDALS—Parsons, Down, Mahoney, Allen, Smith ii, Midlane ii, Biddle, Heard, Goulbourne and Goode.

SPORTS SHIELD—The Jackals (411 points); Tomtits (304 points); Brownies (225 points).

R.W.S.

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**Sports Day Indoors.**

Once again Sports Day has come and gone and as usual, there was the preliminary rush and bustle to prepare. The walls of the Hall were adorned with frocks, jumpers, and rugs, while the tables were loaded with more needlework and cookery. Among the needlework, the soft toys attracted much attention; and it is gratifying to know that after we had taken endless pains in making them, the judge thought them well up to standard and the visitors admired them.

Apparently the eatables were tempting, for everyone praised them and soon nearly everything was sold. One visitor even wished to sample them, there and then. In the Art Room, the exhibits which most favourably impressed the visitors, were the white-wood articles, the papier maché bowls, and the



shields, which were the contribution of the school to the Alcester Coronation decorations. The models in the History Room were of excellent quality, but owing to the large amount of illness during the year they were not so numerous as on previous occasions.

At dinner time we were allowed a few minutes respite from our labours, and it was with grave misgivings and doubts that we noticed for the first time, that the sky was rather overcast and that it was quite cool. However, we consoled ourselves with the thought, that the boys did not want it too hot for running. Fortunately the rain just succeeded in keeping away until the proceedings were safely over.

After tea the shields, medals and trophies were presented to the winners by Lady Throckmorton; and the school showed its pleasure at having her there, by giving her three hearty cheers. The school song and the National Anthem were then rendered, thus ending another Sports Day, which according to the visitors' reports, helped to continue the school's reputation for hospitality and well organised entertainment. This success is due not only to the efforts of the scholars but also largely to the keen interest and encouragement of the staff.

The results of the Arts and Craft Competitions are:—

SILVER MEDALS: *Seniors*—M. Rowles (182), D. Gale (181), M. Crompton (137), D. Hunt (134), D. Ison (130), Huxley (85), Hewlett (82), A. Jenkins (80). *Junior*—C. Stanley (80).

BRONZE MEDALS: *Seniors*—E. Simmons (76), J. Stewart (70), P. Horseman (56), M. Nall (41), *Juniors*—M. Jordan (57), J. Machin (46).

Trophy Winner—M. Rowles. Runner-up—D. Gale.

The Jackals won the shield with 943 points. Tomtits (861), Brownies (727).  
M. G. S.

### **The Lighter Side of our French Holiday.**

Few readers would think it possible to journey from the sublime peace of Alcester to the high life of Paris in one day. But sixteen worthy Alcestrians managed to complete this journey admirably. On the 7th April, the busy little station of Alcester was raided by a mob of excited school-girls, with large suitcases; one had had the presence of mind—or experience of travelling in French trains—to bring a cushion.

This was one of the rare occasions when everybody managed to be punctual and even the train puffed in as the clock struck eight. Until this moment the weather managed to keep dry, but even the sky had to weep at our departure. With this

weeping of the heavens and the frantic waving of hands we left our native land to explore the regions of the unknown.

We travelled on until Dover was reached and when we caught the first glimpse of the boat which was to carry us over the Channel, we thought our adventures had really begun. At last the siren for departure was sounded. To our relief the sea was calm but even this did not prevent one poor dear from hanging hopefully over the side perhaps expecting to find relief from the fishes. And so we arrived on the less hospitable side of the Channel. As we did not reach Paris till 11.30 p.m. our first glimpse was of the nocturnal habits of Parisiens (?) but there were certainly a few more people about than one usually finds in Alcester at that hour, and the night lights were not the 8-hour saucer variety. Finally we arrived at our hotel and for the first time went to sleep on foreign soil.

The next morning the entire party met for breakfast and, Oh ! what a breakfast ! Instead of being faced with cheerful eggs and bacon, long horny rolls danced before our eyes. But after a time we found that French breakfasts (*petit déjeuner*) became more appetising and not quite such a strain to the jaws. And we unanimously decided that French cooking was excellent and as far as we know did not encounter any edible frogs or snails.

But perhaps there was only one member of the refined company who could boast of having a conversation in night-apparel with a Frenchman. This said member, intending to put off the light was very much amazed when the night-porter—with arm prominently wrapped in a sling—appeared and started conversing with great rapidity in his native tongue. Immediately a pair of very round eyes peered from the second bed, while the cause of the trouble whose flushed cheeks almost equalled that of her cerise pyjamas replied, "*mais je ne comprends pas, j'ai*"—... but here unfortunately her vocabulary failed and the Frenchman with his large baize apron and kindly smile seemed rather upset. However, at this point help came in the form of Miss Deans on her 'nightly round' who explained to the distracted porter that '*la jeune fille*' had rung the bell instead turning off the light.

The dear old man returned to his post, shaking his head over these English girls who had infested the quietitude of his hotel. The journey from Paris to Tours was enlivened for four girls at least by a party of boys from a well-known school in the North and here Mr. Pythagoras became a better acquaintance.

On the return journey, however, the sea, as though trying to test our equanimity was rough—very rough—and before long bowls were handed round to many of the company and best

four franc brioches were wasted on the fishes, only five members remaining outside to tell the story of the fourteen brave and valiant who had once completed the ranks on deck, and even they were glad when the lights of Folkestone were sighted.

Our London hotel wasn't such a great success as our honourable hostess didn't possess the charm and tact which was very necessary for girls who had been travelling all day. Our holiday terminated with a tour round London and as we listened to our Cockney guide we were reminded of our French guides to whom we had listened with great intelligence as if we had perfectly understood their language. After a good old English dinner of roast-beef at Lyons', we caught the train which took us back to the now insignificant station of Alcester; here again we were greeted by a host of parents and friends and now even the skies smiled a welcome. And so our French trip which we had enjoyed in anticipation and realisation and shall always enjoy in retrospect came to an end.

A. M. J.

E. M. S.

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### *Nature.*

Nature conveys something living—something dear,  
Flowers and rivers, with a rushing weir,  
Trees, animals, insects and creatures,  
And a hundred and one different features.

See the honeysuckle, true to its name,  
Standing erect by the red rose that came  
Out of the bud that Nature made,  
Out of the earth that Nature laid.

Tweet, Tweet, hear the birds calling,  
As they swoop in the air—they seem to be falling,  
Buzz, Buzz, hear the bees singing,  
As, to the heavens, they gaily go winging.

Whoo, Whoo, hear the wind moaning,  
Over the waves so high and so foaming,  
Moo, Moo, hear the cows mooing,  
Munch, Munch, hear the cows chewing.

Ouf, Ouf, hear the dogs barking,  
As with their neighbours they gaily are larking,  
Croak, Croak, the frogs are beginning,  
Your attention Nature is winning.

So Nature has many a thing to look after,  
While we make merry with our laughter,  
Nature is working as hard as can be,  
To provide for us all, even for me.

M. W. (Lower IV).

### Observations.

A schoolboy's diet is traditionally rather large and very varied, but it was not until I had watched some schoolfellows during the course of a fortnight or so, that I realised what a large part of this diet consists of wood. It would appear that, having chewed the end of his penholder for approximately ten minutes, a sudden inspiration flashes upon the average school-boy's mind. This inspiration is rendered doubly brilliant if the chewing is accompanied by some hard staring at the ceiling. But it seems that it is the wood which plays the greater part in producing the effect. Judging by a glance at a few of the penholders at A.G.S., I should say that the wood consumed in the past year would be sufficient to make a school building or two.

Now there are other aids to thought and inspiration besides chewing penholders. Next to wood, chewing-gum seems to be very popular. Of course there is the initial expense to be considered, but chewing-gum, on the other hand, lasts much longer than wood. Only the other day a certain person was bewailing the loss of his chewing gum, adding "I had only had it for a fortnight, too!" Thus it is evident that the respective virtues of wood and chewing-gum are rather to be debated. I feel sure it would be a decisive victory for the pen-holder manufacturers if only they could contrive to flavour the wood a little, or to make it a little more palatable in some way. The chewing-gum merchants would then definitely be ousted from the patronage of students.

In observing what people do with their penholders, one cannot help noticing what an amazing variety of ways there are in which different members of a form express bafflement, eagerness, or hopelessness. One person, I noticed, upon being asked a question to which he did not know the answer, rubbed the back of his head so vigorously in his perplexity, that by the time he had finished, he had forgotten what the question was, such concentration did this head-rubbing require. One of the girls, having quite an imposing array of curls, anxiously twisted them into place when trying to think of the answer. But this was not nearly so amusing as the habit of one to put out her tongue when writing, and to fix the blank page—when *not* writing—with a malignant stare.

I wonder how ear-pulling can help one in solving a knotty problem? The lobe of one boy's left ear was quite scarlet after he had wrestled with a particularly puzzling question. I fear that he will soon have to change over to the right ear, to

make them the same colour. The habit of talking to themselves has been acquired by several other people, who anxiously discuss with themselves the eternal question "to be or not to be?"

Art has quite a high place among methods for concentration. Although some of the faces produced by the artists are rather weird, we only hope they have been able to supply the necessary information, which seems to be the main purpose of their creation. Perhaps these same artists, by way of a change from drawing faces, may write their names several hundred times on the cover of a book, with the result that they have now acquired a signature as indecipherable as that of any Big Business Man, author or film-star. This achievement they are justly proud of, displaying it whenever possible. Compasses also prove useful tools for surrealist designs, drawn during an idle moment; also for asking the person in front what the time is, or for playing darts. The schoolboy would indeed be lost without his—or somebody else's!—compasses.

By opening one's mouth, wrinkling the nose, closing the left eye and placing the first finger of the right hand on the right cheek, a facial contortion is produced calculated to make any enquiring teacher ask somebody else for the answer to a question. It is supposed to express deep and profound thought, but generally succeeds in thoroughly scaring the observer. This is the final, and I think the most amusing of these aids to thought which are employed by different people. In watching them, how many times have I wished that the thinker had a mirror in front of him!

P. H.

### *The Coronation.*

At last they come in glory  
"Our King and Queen!" we cry,  
'Tis like some fairy story  
To see them passing by.

A moment tense of waiting,  
Up goes a mighty cheer,  
Each one anticipating  
The climax of the year!

The King and Queen of England  
Have reached the Abbey door.  
The soldiers give salute and stand,  
Crowds cheer the King once more.

And now the glorious crown of state  
Is placed upon his head.  
"God save our King!" the cry so great,  
By Peers and Commons led.

LILLA QUINEY (Form III).

### **He who Laughs Last . . . .**

All his life he had been under his brother's thumb. You would not have thought so to look at them, for he, Michael, was the elder of the two, and the bigger. He was a bulky, jolly sort of a man; jovial, that is, until he and his brother were together, and then his round, red face became clouded, his busy tongue ceased, and his heavy body seemed to wilt beneath his brother's eye. Of course, nobody liked his brother. James O'Rourke was not a popular man in the town; his methods of business were just a little bit underhand and his only enjoyment seemed to be in counting his money, and seeing how much he could buy for a small amount. His looks certainly did not encourage people to mix with him, for he was a frowsty-looking individual, shifty-eyed, long-nosed, and he never gave the impression of being over clean. But for all this, nobody was afraid of the man, as Michael appeared to be, and no one could see any reason why he, Michael, should be.

Even Michael himself was not sure why he was. But he knew that James could do what he liked with him. Much as he fought against James, the latter's will was predominant, and the result was that Michael always did as he was told by James. As boys it had been the same. When it pleased James to tell him to fetch a book, or any other article, he had to do it. Their father gave them both jobs to do each day, and it invariably happened that he, Michael, did both pieces of work.

They had grown up; Michael had been through the war as a soldier; James had stayed at home, the doctors stating that he was unfit. After the war, their father and mother died, and Michael, who was single, lived with James and his wife. But he had not stayed there long, for the life was too wearing, and he sought lodgings elsewhere in the town. But his brother's will was still over him, although he was away from him. Whenever they met in the street, in a public-house, a cinema—anywhere, Michael seemed to close up like an oyster, and he visibly drooped.

Then James' wife died, and he came to live with Michael. Michael resisted his wishes for a while, but it was no good. James' will defeated his own, and the two brothers lived together. Acquaintances began to notice that Michael looked unhealthy, his red face was missed and a pale, haggard one took its place. His body grew thinner, and he did not frequent his usual haunts of leisure. Instead, he stayed at home, obedient always to his brother's hold over him. Michael became little better than a servant to James.

But even a worm will turn, and Michael began to scheme a way out of this state of affairs, a way in which he could score off James, his hated brother. James had laughed long enough at him. Soon it must be his turn.

So he murdered James. It was easily done, really. He merely put poison in the loaf he was cutting for their tea. James received the lion's share of it, and died; Michael was merely a little ill for a day or two, thus proving to the very astute police that the poison must have been in the loaf beforehand. The result of the inquest was a severe reprimand for the baker who had supplied the loaf, a few words of consolation to the bereaved brother from the coroner, and a funeral.

Michael, having recovered from his illness, made all provisions necessary for the funeral of his brother. It should be a grand affair, one befitting such a rich man as James—it was he who was paying for it—and one like to Michael's mood, for at last he was free from the hold of James. There should be a large motor hearse, plenty of flowers, and he would be the chief mourner. And so all was arranged—the time, the place and everything.

The evening after the funeral there appeared in the evening paper, crammed between an account of the play at the local theatre and the latest racing results, the following paragraph:—

“This afternoon, at the funeral of Mr. J. O'Rourke, his brother and chief mourner, Mr. M. O'Rourke, was the victim of a fatal accident. The accident occurred at the entrance of the churchyard, when one of the bearers stumbled, his end of the heavy coffin striking Mr. O'Rourke, who was walking with bent head close to the bier, on the top of the skull. He fainted, and was carried off to the hospital. He revived later, but appeared to make no endeavour to live, and he died an hour later. The nurse attending him, and all the staff, are puzzled by the last words the patient said. They were, “He had the last laugh, after all!”

H. G. O.

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### **Debunking, or an Iconoclastic Study.**

Buncombe in N. Carolina caused all the trouble. Late last century in the Federal Council the member for this constituency once rose to speak. His action however was most inopportune as all the other members were trooping out for dinner.irate and flustered, the unfortunate man raised a plaintive cry for silence protesting that his speech was ‘only for Buncombe’, meaning to continue and say that it would soon be over, but

owing to derisive laughs and yells from his departing colleagues he was howled down. As a consequence of this event 'Buncombe' has become an orthographical fixture. It is well known in English as plain 'bunkum' and when you have read this article you will know what it is. In course of time its autonym de-bunk appeared. Why I have told you all this I do not know, but let us debunk by removing greatness from its pedestal and exposing its failings.

A suitable specimen will be found in history; let us first take James I, the fellow of Divine Right fame. His grandeur is set at naught if we remember that he hitched up one shoulder higher than the other and walked almost crabwise, sideways. Pardon me for being personal and callous and a hard-hearted pedant but it is said (Scott) that he recoiled at the sight of a naked blade. Some vulgar junior may inquire how he ate his dinner; I might reply that I have wondered the same thing myself. Now let us take another monarch in true historic sequence, let us retrogress. In case anyone is at all confused I mean let us take a glimpse at Queen Bess, rather late in life. In the early morning it was quite a three hours task to prepare this glorious lady for the day. Her face suffered from what is generally known now as 'cosmetic' skin. Owing to the lack of beauty salons with their attendant paraphernalia she had to have recourse to very drastic measures. Several coats of some hideous preparation were applied to her august countenance and in the event of one coat failing to set a fresh attempt had to be made. Then the wisps of royal hair had to be carefully concealed under a splendid wig of glorious auburn hair. To satisfy the inquisitive let it be categorically stated that there does not appear, to my knowledge, in any antique document what colour eye-shade or eyebrow-pencil Beta used, but the writer presumes, from the facts already cited, that they were *not* green.

Perhaps a word or two about Hitler and Mussolini, our modern very benevolent despots, would not be amiss. I read once, in a Sunday paper it is admitted, that Hitler never reads a book, has a frightful temper and sleeps ten hours a day. Official confirmation of these allegations has not yet been received; nor have I discovered any reference to them in Carlyle or Macaulay, which proves them false to my mind. And this idea, dear readers, is absolutely original; nor will you find it quoted anywhere. As for Mussolini, there was once a photograph published of him in a particularly aggressive attitude with his own comment underneath, 'I like the chin.' Apart from being vain and egoistic this sentence explains the whole



outlook of our Fascist friend. He after all is only a giant to a very small section of mankind for he is only five feet four. 'A rare little bundle!' Lancashire would say.

Earl Baldwin deservedly will be treated differently. He has stated publicly that he owes his wisdom to not overtaxing his brain when young. If I may say so, what a glorious opportunity for schoolchildren, what glorious advice! But then he chose the happy medium and by doing no work at all we cannot expect to become Socrates or Plato. After all, think of future generations.

I did mean to tell you of Baldwin's pipe and its Presbyterian Mixture, Kruschen salts, synthetic jam, and A. J. Alan, but I find there is no room. Only remember 'Nothing is as it seems,' and 'All is not gold that glitters' and so debunk to your heart's content.

L. P.

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### Are you there?

For Moore than a week last December, I had been kept at 'Orme by the Snow, and all that time I had only a bit of Hemming, Butt now I'd used up all the Cotton and had a Booker two to keep me busy, Not to Machin that stuffy feeling from feet Edwards. As it was Avery nice day I decided to go for a walk.

I thought if I goes Wright Houghton the Down and Parkes meself on to Sarah—you've heard of her; she lives at the Whitehouse on Cresswell Hill—I should be able to get 'Orme again in time to Strain my jelly. So I put on my Smart Taylor made clothes and started off.

I took the Midlane, and being a Swift Walker I soon reached the Lea, where I turned Woodward's to Huxley Woods and then Houghton to the Green Dales again. Here and there I came across a Bullock and a Cowper haps. Suddenly the sky went Gray and a Gale blew up. Howard it was against the wind! Goode Evans, now I'd been Careless enough to get a Stone in my shoe. I Sherwood have to hurry now.

By the time I had reached the cottage, I was wet through. I knocked on the door, which was immediately answered by a Savage Yapp. Thank good nessthe dog, I will Collett Bryan, was not Lewis, he was a Barker that bit. He must have been at Baylis-tening for anyone to come. Sarah asked me in "And Howes it you're out in this rain?" I told her, and then she went to Hunt for something to eat, while I was Vereker ful not to get near the dog as 'e Yates strangers.

Sarah soon returned with some Boylin Stewart one end of the tray and some Rowles and Salt at the other. Bryan kept his Ison me the whole time, trying to Strain his neck so that he could Steele a bit of the Bird when the chance came. Then Sarah, Hewlitt the lamp, asked "Dyer mind walking Down to the Welsby the Barnes. Take Bryan with you, Butt be sure not to fill the bucket up to the Rimmer you will splash yourself. Allen'd you an old coat." "Horton't I to Holder Bryan on a lead?"

We arrived at the Barnes quite safely, only to find a dead Hawkins'ide each of the Wells. The Hawkes had apparently been Slaughter-ed after falling into the Webb of some Horseman, who had tried his skill as an Archer. We returned past the Villers instead of climbing the Hill, where we saw some boys flying a new Brand of Keyte.

Halfway back, from behind a Smithy I saw a small cluster of flowers; so putting Bryan on Top listening for anyone to come, I Simmons all my courage and put on some brave Ayres, to get the flowers for Sarah, as I knew they would Sutor room. When I tried to jump back, I slid on some Peel and fell in the ditch, which felt like the Jordan rushing over me. Some passers by, seeing me, Collier'd hold of my Hansell ping me out.

By the time I had got to the cottage my fury had abated. Sarah was most sympathetic, while I sat by the fire forgetting the Burns I should get, but being quite sure it was a Rippington  
ic. V. F.

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### June.

June, Oh June, the heart of the year  
Sheds all its glory in fair Warwickshire.  
Birds sing in the trees,  
Lulled by the breeze,  
There are flowers and bees  
In June.

Spring has gone, but Summer is here,  
Lovely are the waters of river and mere,  
When the sun shines brightest  
The air is lightest,  
Bird's songs are brightest  
In June.

The nightingale is rather rare,  
She sings her song so clear and fair  
Hidden from sight  
On a misty night,  
No moon in sight,  
In June.

JEAN BRIDGMAN (Form III).

### **"My Visit to London."**

On Saturday, May 22nd, a contingent of Warwickshire Scouts visited London for the Scout and Guide Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey. The Coronation had been held only ten days before and the Abbey still retained its coronation setting.

We set out from Leamington at about 9.30 a.m. and after an unsuccessful attempt to occupy an empty first-class carriage, incidentally with tickets for boys under fourteen, we were shepherded into another less luxurious compartment and arrived at Paddington without further incident.

We walked along an almost deserted and curiously quiet Edgware Road to Regent Street where we expected to see bounteous bunting and decorations. We were rather disappointed in the show having had previous visions of huge decorated arches and flowing standards. But passing along to Oxford Street we were made to feel that we were approaching something great, a stupendous sight for which we were forewarned by the "Pwogramms" of Cockney street-sellers. About thirty of these fellows lined the road which here had its pavements packed with people. And undoubtedly there was good reason for these programmes, for at Selfridge's there was the finest set of decorations in the whole city. Magnificent tableaux were erected over the entrances at each end of the building and depicted in a striking way the spirit and industry of the British Dominions. Again, along the face of the building was a set of smaller tableaux, in low relief, portraying the more important events in history from prehistoric times. All these scenes were surrounded with lavish gold and purple hangings with huge banners and pendants hanging from above. Above all surmounting the whole structure and reaching high into the sky was a majestic figure of Britannia; taken as a whole it was indeed an impressive spectacle.

With the cries of the booklet-vendors still ringing in our ears—in mine in vain—we passed on to see the less pretentious, but equally charming, floral display at Marshall and Snelgrove's. Nevertheless, we were forced to vote the former show the better. It was no surprise to hear that a wealthy American had bought the tableaux and Britannia for shipment back home; he no doubt was a little jealous of our opportunities and did the next best thing.

We went by Underground to the Tower and had lunch on the Embankment. The pigeons and sparrows ate almost as much as we did and provided not a little amusement; there were two old London pigeons especially that attracted notice,

they were so well fed they waddled like ducks, and as they were moulting—no doubt at too early a date—they hardly had one whole feather between them. Owing then to a damp cold drizzle blowing up off the river we again entered a crowded tube-train, this time for Westminster.

We emerged into a very cold Westminster. To revive our spirits we had a cup of tea from one of the many snack-bars; the tea was both strong and boiling hot and being Scouts we were satisfied. We then walked round to the back of the Abbey and took up our positions in the gathering of Scouts from throughout England. A Yorkshire group nearby found great delight in mock-bows and in "Your Wasshup's" which were bestowed very freely upon the scholars of Westminster School in their morning suits and top-hats. Many an umbrella was waved in condescending sweeps in return. At last we began to move round into the Abbey through a side door and up a temporary wooden staircase which creaked at every step. We came out on to a balcony which was erected in the South transept. It was not without feelings of awe and pride that we took our places in that lofty edifice; the strains of the newly completed organ playing truly British music accentuated them. But pride changed to disillusionment when we discovered we were placed behind a massive pillar which effectively blotted from our view the whole ceremony. However, we managed to catch glimpses of the two processions which contained the Chief Scout and the Bishop of Bristol. The Scout and Guide Standards preceded them.

The service was simple, but very warmly appreciated by all. Well-known hymns were sung and the Chief Scout read the lesson and after the National Anthem we filed down again this time into the nave. Several scouts as they passed the seats occupied by the peers detached the cards affixed to them bearing the title of the earl or lord who sat there. These they carried away as souvenirs of this great occasion. After walking past the elevated thrones in front of the altar and with a glance at Edward the Confessor's throne—strangely conspicuous for its marked back and gold satin cushion—we passed out with minds strangely confused. We all would have liked a little longer to take in more vividly the scene we had just witnessed but owing to pressure of time we could not.

We again resumed our sightseeing tour, travelling to Buckingham Palace with a scout from St. Lucia in the West Indies. We also saw Horse Guards Parade and the decorations down the Mall and after a very full, but enjoyable day returned to Leamington at 9 p.m. for a twenty-mile ride home. L. P.

### For Sale or to Let.

The birds of the neighbourhood were discussing places for nesting and early places for feeding.

*Blue Tit* : " I know a lovely place for a nest in a space between the wall and a shed ! "

*Owl* : " It's all very well for you, but I can't get into a space as small as you, and there aren't any hollow trees for me to nest in, or many mice to feed on. "

*Wren* : " I don't like the hedge, because we get cannon balls coming in, and they frighten my babies. "

*Sparrow* : " I like it here. Think of all the scraps we get from the school pantry ! "

*Starling* : " Hear ! Hear ! "

*Chaffinch* : " I agree with Mrs. Wren, it is very dangerous. "

*Rook* : " There aren't any nice nesting places here, or any dead twigs to make a nest with. "

*Thrush* : " There are nice nesting places and lots of good worms, and on the field I saw lots of moss which would make lovely nesting material. "

*Blackbird* : " I think Mrs. Thrush is right, and there really are a lot of worms. "

*Bulfinch* : " I don't think much of this place ; there aren't any dock seeds and the grass is kept too short. "

*Flycatcher* : " There aren't any good perches and hardly any nice flies. "

*Robin* : " This place is all right as far as food is concerned, but there aren't any banks or old kettles which are safe to nest in. "

*Flycatcher* : " I know where there is an old goldfinch's nest for sale or to let, and I could make a nice house out of it, if I relined it. I could find a perch to catch flies from in the next field, and the young cattle in there will attract flies ; so I ought not to do so badly. "

A cuckoo, who used to talk to herself came along saying :—

" I know where Mrs. Meadow Pipit is building her nest, and she hasn't laid her eggs yet ; I think I will lay an egg in her nest. "

" Oh no, you won't ! " thought Mrs. Meadow Pipit, and off she flew to build a nest somewhere else.

### Scouts.

SCOUTMASTER :—Mr. Walker.

As usual the Scout activities have been broken into by the preparations for Sports Day. However, keen competitive spirit has been shown between the patrols in gaining points towards the cup which is now held for a term.

On Coronation day the Alcester members of the troop formed part of the procession and also helped in various ways throughout the day in lining routes and in forming barriers to control the crowds. One scout attended the Scout and Guide Service in Westminster Abbey on May 22nd.

On July 3rd, the annual outing, this time to a Jamboree in Birmingham, took place, almost all of the scouts being present. The Chief Scout took the Salute of a mass march-past and sports were held in the afternoon. On July 30th, four members of the troop are visiting Holland for the international Jamboree.

In a Scouts v. Non-Scouts cricket match the Scouts won by 104 runs to 67.

L. P.

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### Tennis.

One match only has been played this term, against Redditch County High School. The rest, with the exception of the match arranged against the Old Scholars, have been cancelled owing to the measles epidemic. Unfortunately the school has had no regular games mistress this term, but Miss Evans has very kindly taken charge of the tennis, and as a result of her encouragement, great keenness and enthusiasm has been shown, particularly among the younger girls, many of whom have played successful challenges.

Result :—

A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (home) lost ; 5 sets to 14 sets.

The School was represented by :—I. Ison, M. Rowles, M. Cowper, D. Hunt, C. Sherwood, D. Horseman.

M. J. R.

# Cricket.

CAPTAIN :—Hewlett.

We have been fortunate in having fine weather this term, no matches having to be cancelled, as many of the football matches were last season, owing to rain. Two matches have been cancelled however, owing to illness.

The fielding of the team has been steady throughout and several catches calling for acrobatic feats have been accepted. The bowling has lacked steadiness, but the real weakness has been the lack of aggression in batting. Only in the Redditch match did the batsmen really establish supremacy.

The match at Stratford provided us with our heaviest defeat, but although scoring only eight runs, the team batted for an hour. We looked set for an easy win against King's Norton when they had lost 7 wickets for 28 runs but a late stand enabled them to win by 1 wicket, thus instancing the glorious uncertainty of cricket.

Results :—

	For	Against.
A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away) lost ...	42	107
.. v. Stratford K.E.S. (away) lost ...	8	126 for 6
.. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away) won ...	108 for 6	60
.. v. King's Norton S.S. (home) lost ...	80	82 for 9
.. v. Stratford K.E.S. (home) lost ...	44	156 for 3
.. v. Parents' XI (home) won ...	128	88

Sides Matches.

Jackals 97 v. Tomtits 34 : Jackals 86 v. Brownies 37 : Brownies 24 v. Tomtits 52.

# Football 1956-57.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals.	
				For	Against.
11	2	2	7	22	57

# Hockey 1956-57.

Played	Won.	Lost.	For.	Goals.
				Against.
4	0	4	6	34

The team was as follows :—F. Johnson (Captain) M. Rowles, D. Hunt, M. Cowper, C. Sherwood, V. Goulbourne, D. Horseman, I. Ison, D. Ison, M. Boylin, B. Slaughter.

All the matches fixed for last term had to be scratched owing to the condition of the field.

H. D. H.

### **For the Juniors.**

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#### **On Coronation Day.**

*May 12th, 1937.*

##### **MORNING :—**

In the morning I went to see the Ox roast and then a bit later I went to see the Crabbs Cross Coronation procession. Then I went to see my Daddy (who was listening to the wireless in his chair), and then it was nearly one o'clock so I went to have my lunch.

##### **AFTERNOON :—**

In the afternoon I went to see the children's sports at Crabbs Cross and they let off some gas balloons, and then I went home to tea.

##### **EVENING :—**

In the evening I went to see the grown ups' sports. One lady went in a race and her baby cried, so she had to come back. After this I went home and at eight o'clock I listened to the King's speech on the wireless, and then I went to bed.

I shall always remember Coronation Day.

M. DYBECK (Form I).

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#### **The Swan's Family.**

Once there was a little girl who had a lovely garden. There was a pond in it, and one day she saw a swan and her seven babies.

The little girl saw Mrs. Swan bring the seven babies out of the nest down to the pond to teach them how to swim; the big swan did not mind the little girl watching the lesson.

But soon there was a splash and the girl's mother rushed from the house and found she had fallen into the water.

Then she had to stay in bed, but from her window she watched the cygnets and the father and mother swans, and that is the end of the story.

PAT DISLEY (Form I).



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ALCESTER:  
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,  
HIGH STREET.

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